

# I NEVER BELIEVED IN ANGELS UNTIL I MET YOU



LYRIC BY  
ROBT. F. RODEN

MUSIC BY  
PETER DEROSE

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## I Never Believed In Angels Until I Met You

Words by  
ROBERT F. RODEN

(Girl Of The Cross)

Music by  
PETER DE ROSE

### Intro.

Piano

The piano part begins with a forte dynamic (f) in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

### Voice

I look at you girl of the cross And think of the days gone by When they  
I used to sneer girl of the cross At things that they call di - vine But I

told me that there were an - gels And I thought it was all a lie But the  
knew I was wrong my an - gel When your eyes first looked in - to mine You have

stor - ies they told me were true I know there are an-gels for I've met you.  
taught me what life real-ly meant I need - ed an an-angel so you were sent.

### Chorus

If be-ing an an-gele is to do what you've done Lit-tle girl of the

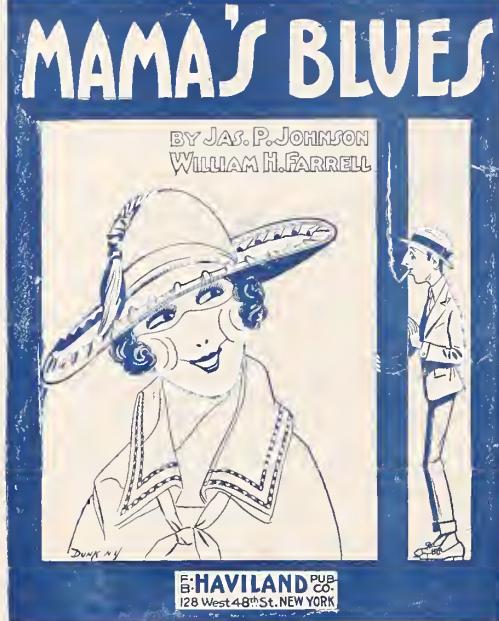
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Mechanically

cross then you sure - ly are one. Risk - ing your life A - mid bat - tle's strife  
 Mak-ing lives new, nurs-ing them through You are sweet-heart, and moth er to  
 sad hearts that yearn You bright-en their sweet dreams of Home-fires that burn You were  
 sent from a - bove on a mis-sion of love, I nev - er be - lieved in  
 an - gels Un - til I met you. 1 If you. 2

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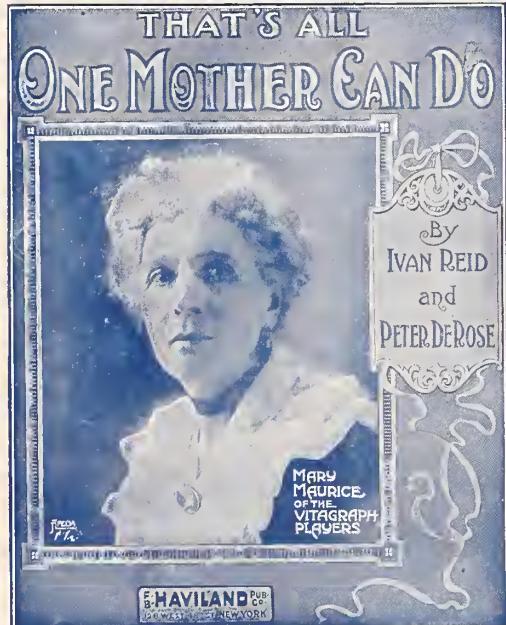
Try This Bit Of The Chorus  
On Your Piano.

MAMA'S BLUES.  
(PAPA'S BLUES)  
By JAS. P. JOHNSON &  
WILLIAM H. FARRELL

Piano  
Voice  
I've got a feelin', Somebodys got to turn me down,  
I feel much bet-ter, Since I had a look at you.  
That feelin' tells me, I would feel bet-ter,  
If you tell me what to do.  
I'm goin' to somewhere To make you love me,  
and I'll be a-way a year,  
like you used to long a-go.

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## "THAT'S ALL ONE MOTHER CAN DO"



The Best Of All  
The "Mother"  
Songs.

## THAT'S ALL ONE MOTHER CAN DO

Try this on your piano.

### That's All One Mother Can Do

Refrain. *Valse moderato. Not too fast*  
She watched over your era-dio, When you were a babe, Then taught you each  
night how to pray, She sent you to school, Where you soon learnt each rule, She  
cried when you left her one day, She praid that good for-tune, Would soon come-ways,  
Who oth-ers proved false she was true, Her life she would give, if by  
a tempo

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